Who at first token of distress Exhibited by restlessness, Oft soothes me by his fond caress? My husband.

Who, if long, watchful nights there be, When sleep sweet sleep won't come to me Will keep make for company? Who, when I, with each nerve unstrung, Next morn move round my cares among, If I should fret, would "bold his tongue?" My husband My husband.

en, if in haste, to mar our bliss word is thoughtless said amiss, asks forgiveness with a kiss?

Who through all changing scenes of life, The bright, the dark, the peace, the strife, Would call me haught but "precious wife?" My husband. When on the couch of suffering laid, With throbbing pulse and aching head, Who anxious watches round my bed? My husband.

ho, when of kindred dear bereft, ad my sad beart in twain is cleft, roves that my dearcat friend is left? My husband. When overwholmed with grief and fears, And through the gloom no star appears, Who cheers my heart and wipes my tears? My husband.

Who, when Pve done with all below, And death's dark waters round me flow, Would fain with meo'er Jordan go? My husband.

My Wife. What maiden in the days of yore, Smote me with most tremendous power, Inflicting panes in known before? My wife.

Who pulled me in my distress, And, by one simple little "Yes," Changed all my wee to blessedness? Who did, with look almost divine, My soul in cords of love entwine, And give her priceless heart for mine?

Who to the altar went with me, Our hearts aglow with ecstasy, And my good angel vowed to be?

My wife. Who, since I to the altar led My blushing bride, and vows were said, Has naught but Messings round me she

Who in our pligrimage below Has cheered with smiles the passage throug And ever faithful proved and true? My wife.

When pressed with sorrow, toll, and cares, Who all my grief and trouble shares, And half at least my burden bears? My wife. nen tempests rage and billows roll, d human passions spurn control, no calms the tumult of my soul?

When storms are hushed and skies are bright And shadows dark are changed to light, Who joys with me in sweet delight? My wife.

Who was in youth th' admired of men; But now, at threescore years and ten, Is far more beautiful than then? My wife. As down life's rugged steep I go, With careful, trembling steps and slow, Who clings to me and helps me through? My wife.

-Harper's Magazine for July.

" JUST 80."

I hated Aunt Margery's parrot. Its screaming, croaking voice, its gurgling asides crooned as it sat on its perch, asides crooned as it sat on its perch, stirred up something in me evil and vin-Perhaps I had no natural inclination to pets. Often when I had been over-wearied at the old home farmhouse, the sight of mother's hens scratch-scratching for a living had irritated me with a sense of overwork. But they at least came honestly by their liv-ing. I respected them; but this pam-pered, overfed thing made my flesh pered, overfed thing made my flesh crawl as it clung ogling to its perch, or dropped lazily down to pick up a bit of cracker, nibbling thereat with an un-canny chatter. No; I did not like pets. Aunt Margery did. This ugly foreign favorite had absorbed all her effections, I thought to myself bitterly, as I watched it that morning. She caress-ed the creature; she spoke to it endearingly; but for her own kith and kin she thing but everlasting fault-finding

A few tears dropped down upon my ands as I sat there. The parrot, blinking down upon me, drew up one skinny claw, scratched its emerald head, and subtle meaning, and with which it seem-

ed to jeer at my emotion.

This was the third morning I had waited for news of Dick—poor Dick, arted, high-spirited Dick!-who had taken up his cap and left after his last word-battle with Aunt Margery. This blow had taken the sunshine too utterly out of my life, and there, as I sat at the window, I mentally shook my fist at this gibbering thing, so sheltered and favored while he was adrift—where? What would become of Dick? oh, what ome of Dick? The lad had always had some business in the city that sat lightly upon him, coming and going at his leisure; but now for three whole days his face had not lighted the gloomy use. The longing to know his welare, the yearning to see him, had grown intense, and intelerable. And now, rendered irritable and distraught by my anxiety, I had quarreled with Aunt Margery myself—I to whom her invalid state had hitherto excused so much, who had been her patient nurse so long, and the acknowledged peace-maker between herself and the outspoken, impolite Dick. I had fallen from my high estate; I was an outcast from favor-not worth so much in Aunt Margery's eyes as this leering old parrot.

Well, I need sacrifice myself no long-

er. I was free to go away Oh, how useless, how mean and degrading, seem-ed all that I had submitted to and sufferd! It could benefit Dick no more, and in his absence, dropped its splendid ap-parel of self-sacrifice, and revealed itself a beggarly and sordid tameness of spir-

Outside of this narrow groove where I had grubbed and vegetated there was a thrilling, splendid reality of existence. A sort of winged feeling took posses-sion of me as I contemplated the possibilities of the future. The parrot put up his elfin claw, blinked at me from the corner of his eye, and cried, "Just so!" as he flopped back into his open cage. From the window where that cage was hung l could see the glowing gardens and pleas-ant lawns stretching below, and in the wistful hazy distance the city seemed to shadow through -the bright busy city. where every one was astir and at work. Dick was there too somewhere. Dick did "business" easily and irresponsibly as a bird. Why should not I do business? I began to take account of stock—to make a mental estimate of myself. It is surprising, in this commercial valuation of one's self, how percentages shrink. A little hazy knowledge of history, a little nebulous acquaintance with general literature, a light touch upon the piano—all these things look painfully threadbare on examination, like stage

to fate, and I did so with the de-

tful insonciance of youth. o the early dawn found me at the ling morning, the garden quiet and edorous. Face to face, also, red cap and slippers. His gray old monkey face, with its scant fringe of grizzly hair, was never an unwelcome you kn sight to me before. However, old Cresar In n knew all our troubles. He had been my childish confidant, as well as Dick's, as far back as I could remember. I stepped

often before, to help or hinder him in the garden. But his eye caught sight of there hung a grand old-fashioned timemy sachel; his countenance fell. "Go keeper with a gold coin attached to its ing away, miss?" he cried.

"Far, miss?" seems I don't belong here, anyway."
"Sho, miss, don't ee mind things.

was clar in de way ob de odder memsure dat little toe did belong dar—just dar an' nowhar else—an' all it wanted was a little more room. See, miss?"

The garden smells and the sweet new I saw old Cæsar standing under the poplars waving his red cap to me. He too, it seemed, acquiesced in the destiny standing my bravery, that I took the key that was sending me adrift. I felt a of the side door from my pocket, and that was sending me adrift. I felt a of the side door from my pocket, and sort of sinking at the heart not quite in entered the familiar domicile at nightaccordance with my enterprise as the winding road shut him from view. But the bustle about the depot, and all the sights and sounds of travel, speedily dispelled my grief, and once in the cars, way of breakfast, care-free and happy

and confident. The city was quite inspiring as I en-tered it—so delightfully active and bust-ling that it took my breath like a ling that it took my breath like a draught of effervescing Champagne. People were coming and going purposeful and businessful; every body seemed to have his eye on some goal ahead to be reached in a given time. I only walked leisurely along, enjoying the scene, and wondering to myself if I should know Dick should I meet him in often betaken myself from Aunt Marthis whirlpool, or would he know me.
All these faces were strangers' faces.
Of all these people not one had any interest for me. The gay scene dimmed for a moment, and for a moment I felt the chill of isolation, as the crowd swept absence. It had given possession to a horde of shadows that, wistful, as I. The question was an-swered by a sudden heart thrill, for there, to and fro in the uncertain light. Perlusty and ruddy, stood Dick before me. haps the breeze-blown branches of the I fear I clasped his hand with unnec- elm outside played me this trick; but

hat back from his forehead, and plung-Dick, after a long, portentous pause. "Going to look for business."

" Ah! "Dick, how you talk! Put your hat on straight, and walk along. Every body's looking at us."

"My dear," says Dick, facetiously, and laughing now and showing his white teeth, "that remark of mine to which you take exception was prompted by the fact that I'm out of a job myself. Suppose I was in a quarrelsome mood after leaving the old lady's, for neglecting the correspondence, copying, and the like slavish business, I turned upon the old brute, and we had a blow-I'm out on the world, dear, with a capital of twenty-five cents to begin on."

For two homeless waifs that sum was not extensive. I took my purse out of my pocket, never a heavy one at any time; but now-O fate! O evil, careless which served it to express the most fate!-a hole revealed itself in the silken tissue, through which had slip-ped noiselessly a nursling of a gold piece which I had cherished there, wrapped in a bit of paper, for a whole twelvemonth.

I looked in my friend's face blankly. I was no princess, it seemed, coming to his rescue with golden gifts, but an add-

"Dick," I faltered, meekly, "I'm tending to work for a living. course," was the "Might I inquire what at?" "You know I can do 'most any thing, Dick."

"Jenny, child," said my companion, looking down upon me benignantly, and awed me when he assumed this elder-brother aspect) - "Jenny, child, it's a hard-driven sort of a world you've put your tiny self into-a place where it's a heavy drapery festooned to the ceiling, very hard matter to get a footing, and where, if your foot slips, you're sure to in my old childish days. And there, be carried out into deep water." Dick's just face darkened as he looked at the tide of people. "Whatever's a fellow to do?" Winding up his discourse thus of people. "Whatever's a fellow to do?" Winding up his discourse thus abruptly, my friend pulled his felt hat how long we might have regarded each down over his eyes, and glowered from other thus, but the parrot, in its cover-

under it like a highwayman. miliated and ill at ease. Was I, then, a wood affoat in this human torrent? Even Aunt Margery's chafing and chid- my head aches dreadfully. ing were better than this nothingness.

We stood before the window of a pic-

"Dick," said I, abruptly, "I'm going

ettle upon any specialty in which I proposition. "No; I've an idea in my "Look'so," responded Dick, senten-

tionsly. "Dick, listen to me"-authoritativearden gate, face to face with the kin-ling morning, the garden quiet and to-night, and if you meet me there, I'll have something to help you." "My darling!" cried Dick; but I reblack Caesar, the superannuated gardener, who ornamented his profession in a pelled this later exhibition of affection. "Put me in the cars, my friend; I'm hungry, you know, and tired to death, ou know, but there's no time to lose."
In my feminine fertility of resource I

parting, without thought of failure. "Berry early, miss," said the old man, doubtless thinking I had come, as came to me under the smile of the Madonna. In my room at Aunt Margery's heavy chain, and a big seal wherein glowed a ruby. Secretly I regarded this as my own, for it had once been my "Don't know, Cæsar, how far. It mother's, an heir-loom of the family, ""Sho, miss, don't ee mind things.
Old Cæsar 'll stan' up for you. Don't ee mind 'em."

"I can't help it, Cæsar."

"Bless yer soul, miss! Why, miss, we haves a heap o' trouble all en us, an' dar's no telling whar dey comes from, big an' little. Why, miss, "source of endless disputes, as I had heard, between the grasping elder sister and the younger. My mother was of a high spirit, and finally, in a fit of utter weariness and vexation, flung the watch, with all its glittering appendages, at her returned it—that was not her way—but the source of endless disputes, as I had from, big an' little. Why, miss—'scuse it had never been wound up since that me, miss—I's had dat trouble 'fore now day (so old Casar said), and long after wid my little toe, 'long o' squeezing on my mother's death it hung silent and a pair o' Sunday shoes, seemed zif I shining in the room devoted to my use couldn't stan' it nohow. 'Peared like dat little toe didn't belong dar, nohow; vexed spirit of the departed. I had determined to go back without being seen, bers, an' had orter be lopped right off.
But, lor, miss, when I takes off dem
Sunday shoes arter meetin', I find done
would approve, to aid myself and my

friend in our sore need. The ride seemed a long one; the road wound about in a manner I had never "I see, Cæsar. But good-by, now, observed before, with a persistent dodg-or I sha'n't catch the train;" and with ing of the end, that gave me ampletime an affectation of carelessness I hurried for revolving ways and means for carrying out my scheme, till finally the moon shone out on the last evolution; morning all about me seemed luring me and, leaving the cars, I trudged on afoot to stay; but on I walked steadily, till, until the sentinel poplars guarding Aunt looking back at the turning of the road, Margery's gate with their long black

shadows came in view.

It was with a beating heart, notwithfall like a shadow.

It was easy enough to obtain access to the inner part of the house from here, for most of the doors were carelessly latched, and I was not likely to meet my spirits rose to the occasion. Oh, I would do something, be something, I remembered a certain wide window-yet! and I nibbled a bit of cake, by sill in the hall, groping toward which I sat down to rest myself, with a curiously scared and hunted feeling, which had not entered into my calculations when I planned this audacious expedition.

gery's rasping voice and incessant fault-finding-where I had dreamed daydreams and reveled in nightly visions. This cherished and familiar little nook had chilled to me in one day's essary fervor as I said, "Oh, Dick, it confused me strangely, and rendered my search for the watch a long one, till it seemed as if some tricksome elf had sponded Dick, sharply.

"I— Well, Richard, I can't stand however, my hands touched and grasphore any longer—I can't! no, ed the treasure; the heavy chain glided ed the treasure; the heavy chain glided filled with surprise. Those of the man filled with surprise. Those of the man filled with surprise. The lion re-"Left!" echoed Dick, thrusting his and I thrilled from head to foot with a new and strange sensation. For at that very moment I heard the door shut with trousers pockets. There was none of that cheery jingle of small change in them with which Dick was wont to save myself; but it announced that I was playfully salute my ears. This silence a trapper, a prisoner, snared in my own was ominous. "Where to go?" added net; for the door closed with a spring, and I had left the key on the outside. I put my two hands to my head and thought desperately for a moment. There was no possible egress now except

through Aunt Margery's room, with which mine was connected by a narrow passage. How could I pass through without waking her? For just one instant I felt like despair. How was I to help Dick now? It must be done, however. I gathered up my courage; I remembered the indignities I had borne, the needs of my friend, the absolute rightfulness of what I was doing, and, strong in resolution, glided across the hall-silently, slowly, lest the ghost of a foot-fall should rouse the vigilant sleepers within. There was something dreadful in this, after all. This strange advent among familiar things that look on the intruder with sinister eyes is not a desirable experience. True, I was on a mission of mercy; but this fact failed to support me as I stood poised on my aunt's doorsill. A weak minded doubtfulness creeping in for a moment paralyzed my activity. This bauble had been in Aunt Margory's possession for years. Was it mine? was it hers? The "sacred rights of property" I had heard talked of so often; were my mother's sacred, or my aunt's? Ah! what would become of all the property in the world if rightfully divided? Would then Dick go out starving and houseless from Aunt Margery's surplus of luxury? Dangershould I desert Dick in his time of need. Stepping on tiptoe in my unshod feet, I essayed to convoy my beating heart as far as possible from the high, old-fashioned bedstead. It almost seemed Aunt Margery might hear in her sleep. The low night lamp sent a thin thread of light across the floor; it rested on the which gave this couch an awful dignity opposite it, I stood transfixed. There lay Aunt Margery, with eyes wide

mere aimless waif-a mere bit of drift- querulously. "What kept you so, child? Hand me the camphor yonder; I handed her the camphor silently, I began to feel very weary. A remembrance of my quiet room and of the blossoming apple-bough that hung over the window came to me vision-like.

I handed her the camphor silently, and of habit proceeded to bathe her hands and forehead as usual, and then came the usual innumerable orders. A little warm water from the bath-room, A little warm water from the bath-room, a little mixture from the medicine chest. ture shop where a copy of some Raphael Her pillows needed adjusting, her lamp irresistible. This accounts for numer-Madonna smiled down upon us, be needed trimming, and thus was I chainnignantly. Mer feet were on the clouds, ed to her side a prisoner, with that stars encircled her head; far away were doubtful time-piece in my pocket, and the manger and the misery, yet perhaps my brain dizzy with schemes for escape. the manger and the misery, yet perhaps my brain dizzy with schemes for escape. She remembered them still. Regal in Oh, what would Dick think of me, reher azure robe, she floated above this creant that I was in his time of trial?- and charmed his senses, or the bright rowed. sordid whirl, crowned and triumphant poor Dick, watching vainly all this time flower caught his eye, and he lingered, after toil and travail. A few tears crept at Kate Catterby's cabin, or wandering when his pace should have been onward to my eyes as I looked. I wiped them on the road, mayhap, all the long and firm and quick. If you would inswiftly away lest Dick should see them; nightfall, meditating on the faithlessness sure success in your undertaking, whatbut he had already forgotten his surli- of woman; then in the morning, disness, absorbed in contemplation of some couraged and hopeless, he would drift attention from it. Leave nothing un-

slumber by a sudden loud crash, a rap-"All right, little one," patting me patronizingly on the shoulder: "the very best thing you can do."
"Not to stay, Dick," said I, vexed at "sidned by a staden but class, a lap ping and tearing at the window.

Aunt Margery started up aghast. "Robbers!" she exclaimed, clutching my arm. But there never could have erties seen by daylight. I could the alacrity with which he accepted the been so bungling a robber as this. I

stood up and faced the intruder with wide-staring eyes,
"All right!" said a loud, cheery voice. The confounded sash!" And there

stood Dick. "Way, bless my heart, auntie, I beg your pardon—I'll pommel old Casar in the morning for putting me in at the wrong window. But, Jenny, girl, I've been walking the road till I couldn't stand it any longer. Thought you'd been robbed, or waylaid, or some-

Propped up on her elbow among the pillows, Aunt Margery looked out ma-estically and interrupted this tirade. "Richard," said she, "are you a

"Couldn't exactly state to-night, auntie. Haven't time to analyze. I only came to look after Jenny. She's all right, it seems, so I'll bid you good-

night."
"Dick," said the invalid, shaking her long forefinger at him authoritatively, you'll stay just where you are. can't do without Jenny, I find-she can do without you, it appears."
"Of course not," said Dick, delib rately taking a chair. "I always was

an appendage of Jenny's, you know, and shall be for the rest of my natural

life, I'm afraid." "Just so!" screamed the parrot, one bright sunny morning, as I stepped own stairs in a floating veil, and with my mother's watch in my girdle, Aunt Mar-gery's wedding gift. Dick was waiting or me below, with beaming face and arms outstretched. Beside him stood old Casar in his best clothes and Sunday shoes. "Plenty of room now, miss said the old man, stepping admiringly aside from my sweeping bridal train.— Harper's Weekly.

A Remarkable Lion Story.

An exhibition which will be of unusual interest is already near completion. In a vacant lot situated between the Hippodrome and the Champs de Mars, menagerie-such as has never been seen in Europe-is to be open during the next three months. It will undoubtedly be curious and interesting, but I doubt if the capture of any one of its animals has such a history as the lions about to appear at the Porte Saint Martin Theater. I am indebted to M. d'Ennery, one of the authors of the "Tour d Monde," for the following particulars: These superb animals have never formed part of any menagerie, and have retained all their terrible savageness. is a hunter, and not a trainer, who accompanies them. Macomo, a large, powerful negro of Central Africa, made imself master of these beautiful animals in the following manner: He had been informed of the nightly presence of a lion in his neighborhood. He lost of a lion in his neighborhood. no time in arming himself with a long cutlass, and, dragging a young ox after him, arrived at the appointed place. At the usual hour his majesty appeared. The moon was at its full, and the strange trio saw one another as in day. The lion gave utterance to a deep, significant growl, looked from the man to the ox and flourished his great tail. Ma-como remained perfectly quiet for an in-stant, then, suddenly plunging his cut lass into the ox, he raised him in his vigorous arms and threw him at the lion's feet. The wild beast made a bound, sprang upon the bleeding body, caressing it for a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then, giving expression to stifled growls of joy, he drank the blood and crushed the bones. And Macomo -what was he doing all this time Seated quietly a few steps from his guest, he opened a little sack from which he took a bit of corn-bread and dry figs and began his own frugal repast. When were calm and smiling. The lion returned to his supper. When he was completely satisfied he rose. Macomo did likewise. The lion made three or four steps towards Macomo, who remained motionless, and looking once more at his ox, which was but partially devoured, his eyes seemed to say "This belongs to me." Macomo bow ed. A last glance, friendly this time,

the following evening, at the same hour, the African returned to the place of meeting, where the half-devoured carcass lay, and shortly afterward the lion made his appearance, but not alone this time. As the hunter had foreseen, he came accompanied by family and friends. They were four in number— two lions, a lioness and lion's whelps. The repast was served, but not as on the previous evening, in the open covered with vines, banana and palm eaves, and into this pretty dining-room his guests entered fearlessly. crawling noiselessly within reach of a sidden spring Macomo touched it, and his four lions suddenly found themselves imprisoned in a strong iron cage whose bars had been hidden beneath green leaves. Friends were near at hand to aid in removing the four lions upon cart, and they were about to commence their work when they perceived a new lioness crouched down upon the sand and licking her whelps between the iron bars. When the men raised the cage upon the cart she looked at them be seechingly, and when they all marched on she followed at a short distance with drooping head and tearful eyes. And thus it is that we have five lions instead of four at the theater Porte Saint Martin -five terrible, ferocious beasts, ready to revolt at any moment, and although Macomo enters their cage and dominates them to a certain extent, they have not forgiven him for having taken advantage of their confidence in him, and would ask nothing better than to treat him as Lucas was treated by his seven lions in the last days of the old Hippodromesimply tear him to pieces .- Paris Cor. Bost n Advertiser.

and the lion quietly went his way, leav-

On

Wacomo to return to his home

How to Succeed.

The first requisite to success is not to undertake an unwise and impracticable follows: thing. For this reason, the advice often inculcated by wise and great men has I listened to this talk of Dick's, hundlisted and ill at ease. Was I, then, a nere simless waif—a more bit of distance of the same of the means, to be prompt in beginning to act. That is easy to every one. It is the The hedgerow should be at least six feet continued, persevering, unflagging ac-tivity, which alone accomplishes great one's steps at every stage to divert his deeply as possible by passing back and ally ascends to forty and often higher. attention from the main pursuit he has forth once or twice in it with the plow. The whole class of perhaps a hundred fixed on are almost innumerable, and to A liberal allowance of good compost or children repeat their tables together, the irresolute and weak they are found | weil-rotted manure, if the soil is poor, as if with one voice, the accumulated ous failures. If a man has not attained ing the soil back into the furrow upon scream. They can all multiply by fracto what he started for it will almost al- the manure. The land is then double tions, particularly by 1, 14, 14, and 24, bird by the wayside fell upon his ear the surface is then thoroughly har- books, but are taught to read and write ever it may be, let nothing divert your ness, absorbed in contemplation of some gorgeous chromos. A something like motherly pity filled my heart as I contemplated his bright face, so careless and unfurrowed in the midst of his troubles, and a suggestion came to me them, perhaps from the beneficent Mother beaming down upon us.

couraged and hopeless, he would drift away somewhere out of my reach. I hardly dared think of this contingency. To let go my hold on Dick was to let go my hold on Dick was to let go my hold on life. Utterly exhausted with the long watching, I fell asleep at last, the heavy sleep of youth and weariness.

couraged and hopeless, he would drift away somewhere out of my reach. I hardly dared think of this contingency. To let go my hold on Dick was to let go my hold on life. Utterly exhausted with the long watching, I fell asleep at last, the heavy sleep of youth and weariness. simple as the lesson of success is—few as are its requisites—there is nothing that people are slower to learn .- New

MILDNESS conquers—and hence it is that the gentle yet positive influence of Dr. Buli's Baby Syrup overcomes so quickly the disorders of Babyhood.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Baked Custards .- Take 1 quart of milk, 3 eggs, & cupful of sugar, and nutmeg. Bake slowly in an earthen dish. Trifle .- Lay slices of stale cake in a dish; cover with a rich boiled custard. Whip some cream, sweeten and flavor it, and put on top.

Apple Meringue .- Fill a dish t full of stewed apple, cover with the beaten whites of 5 eggs, mixed with 5 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar.

Potato Noodles .- Grate 1 dozen boiled potatoes, add 2 eggs, a little salt, i cup of milk, enough flour to knead stiff, then cut in small pieces, and roll long and round, 1 inch thick; fry in plenty of lard to a nice brown.

Egg Toast .- Beat up 5 eggs in a goodsized pan, put a pint of milk in another, then toast 7 or 8 slices of bread, dip in the milk, then into the egg, fry in lard, put on a plate and sprinkle with sugar. Very nice for breakfast.

White Cake .- Whites of 3 eggs, 1 cupful of white sugar, I cupful of sweet erly afterward. It is here that so many milk, i cupful of melted butter, I teaspoonful of cream-tartar, i teaspoonful of saleratus, & cupful of corn-starch, 14 cupfuls of flour, and 1 small teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Mix the corn-starch, flour and cream-tartar all to-back to one-half of the previous year's gether, and sift through a sieve.

Butter Crackers .- Rub 3 tablespoon fuls of butter into 1 quart of flour, add pruning, but not of such a vigorous 1 saltspoonful of salt, 2 cups of sweet milk, and ½ teaspoonful of soda, distenderly, as their growth is slow, and solved in het water; knead well for half an hour, then roll into an even sheet, a bottom growth to become close and quarter of an inch thick or less; cut with bushy. Summer pruning is needed in hard in a moderate oven; hang them up | similar plants, severe pruning is in a muslin bag in the kitchen two or sary to throw the growth into the botthree days to dry.

and let it stand 10 minutes to clear; then turn off into a sauce-pan, add 1 pint of sweet cream, and give it one boil. Turn it over the beaten yelks of 8 eggs and the whites of 4, with 1 cupful sugar, in a pail, stirring fast; set the pail in boiling water, and stir till it pail in boining water, and stir till it thicks. When eool, pile on top the thick, new growth whites of the other 4 ergs, heaten stiff selves and the bo whites of the other 4 eggs, beaten stiff selves with a cupful of white sugar, and you will have a dish fit for a king's table. If put in a glass dish, it is very handsome. If the flavor of chocolate is preferred to coffee, substitute & tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, boiled in a pint

Centennial Brown Bread .- Fill a large bowl one-third full of water, a little warmer than tepid; add i a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in shorts till a little stiffer than pancake batter; cover, and set where it will keep warm without scalda teaspoonful more salt, with 2 tablespoonfuls of good brown or coffee sugar, and stir in Graham flour till as stiffnot as it can be made, but as it can be conveniently made with a spoon. (If made too stiff, the bread will be dry.) Grease the tins; turn in the dough; smooth over the top with a knife or spoon; set again to rise, and, when sufficiently light, bake in a tolerably hot oven an hour or more, according to the size of the leaves. This quantity will make two large or three small loaves.

FARM TOPICS. Live fences are both attractive, useful and indestructible, if only durable and hardy plants for the purpose can be procured. Much of the beauty of the English landscapes is owing to the almost universal hedgerows of the sweet As a harbor for birds and as a protection against sweeping winds, as well as an agreeable feature of the landscape, living hedges are exceedingly desirable. Unfortunately for us there are some drawbacks to their use here which are insurmountable. Our climate, both directly and indirectly, is unfavorable to the growth or safety of most of those plants which are useful for the purpose. The heats of summer produce the frosts of winter injure or destroy; the rigors of the coldest portion of the year drive small vermin beneath the shelter, where, to preserve their existence, they gnaw the bark and destroy the hedge. Thus, repeated failures, after costly efforts, have caused an almost entire abandonment of hedge-planting everywhere but in the Western States, where there is scarcely any other

resource than this for fencing. Nevertheless, there are many places and occasions where and when live fences or hedges would be appropriate and useful. There are ornamental grounds, lawns, gardens, and farms which would be greatly improved in ap-pearance, and be safely protected, by nedges. For all these purposes there We can are a large choice of plants. make hedges of black spruce, hemlock, arbor-vitæ, privet, barberry, orange, and several other plants. Of all these, the first two are by far the most beautiful and practically useful for the purpose to which they are applied, viz.: the inclosure of lawns, large and small, and gardens. For farm use there is no choice but the last mentioned, as this only is of sufficiently easy growth and hardiness to succeed over a large length

and breadth of our territory. The methods of preparing the soil, of planting, and of caring for a hedge, of whatever kind it may be, are alike for all kinds and varieties of hedge-plants. The safety and prolonged life of the hedge depends altogether upon con-ducting these operations in the most skillful manner. It will not do that the hedge be planted, although this may be done in the best manner, and left to take care of itself. The numerous unhappy failures seen on every hand prove this very forcibly. There is needed a very careful cultivation and nursing for several years, and after that an annual trimming to preserve the hedge in good condition. The proper methods are as Preparation for the Hedgerow .- The

ground should be prepared by deep high to keep the roots clear of water. wide. To begin, the center of the row tivity, which alone accomplishes great results. The temptations which beset should be opened out by a deep open native children in the village schools. "The multiplicand," he says, "gener-

The Selection of the Plants .- No hedge should ever be attempted by sowing the seed in the row. This would bring a certain failure, for the reason that the plants would be very irregular and finally to secure a rich husband. in strength and size, when, on the congreens, thrifty plants not more than 18 inches in height should be chosen.

Planting .- The row should be prepared by opening a furrow 12 inches wide and 7 inches deep in the precise without crooks or bends. The plants, ed a handsome compensation.

previously prepared by pruning the tap-root, and by puddling the fibrous roots, are laid upon the slope of the furrow on the loose soil, and held in place by a small quantity of loose earth thrown upon them. They are thus placed very rapidly in position, being dropped by one person and placed by another. The distance apart should not be more than one foot, if a close hedge is desired. As soon as a sufficient quantity are in position, a plow is run so as to throw a furrow directly upon the roots and cover them. The plow-man may walk along the row and tread the soil firmly upon each side of the plants. A very light furrow is then thrown upon each side to round up the center, when the whole bed is harrowed down smoothly. Corn or potatoes may be planted on each side of the row, that the ground may be kept cleanly cultivated, but only for the first year. After that the hedge will need to draw from the whole of the row. After-Management .- It is easier to

plant a hedge than to manage it prop-

failures occur. The first year the growth should be kept even and stocky by occasional shortening in of obtrusive or too vigorous leaders. The growth, for all those plans that are not coniferous. Coniferous hedges need sufficient top pruning done to cause the a wine glass, prick with a fork, and bake this case. With the osage orange, or Coffee Custard.—Boil a large cupful of have reached one inch or more in thickfreshly ground coffee in 1 pint of water, 5 minutes; add 1 cupful of cold water, a slanting direction a few inches from a slanting direction a few inches from the bottom of the stem, and the stems bent down to an angle of 45 degrees in the line of the hedge. This done in the spring causes a rapid growth of upof right shoots from the stems below the cut; the cut heals, leaving the slop-ing stems interlaced with the ing stems interlaced the bottoms. Thus the hedge, after a year or two of further growth, becomes impenetrable by a small animal and so matted and be together as to be able to resist the charge of a bull. After this the whole care con sists in keeping the top of the hedge trimmed to a level about five feet high, and to shear the side shoots annuall so as to keep the lower and inside growth healthful and vigorous. A very frequent hedge in some of the far West ern States is the white willow. This makes an excellent hedge if managed well. The plants consist of stakes cut ing till light; then turn into a large from mature trees, set in the row. basin. Add a pint of lukewarm water, These cuttings root readily, and being but 18 inches or 2 feet apart, very soon become so close together as to prevent any animal but a very small one from passing between them. Growing rapidy, this hedge soon forms a wind-break and protection which is of the greatest value upon the wind and storm-swept prairies .- New York Times.

> A Trip to the Centennial and its Happy Results.

The average schoolma'am, take her as a rule, is staid and prosaic, and generally conceded to be non-susceptible to the tender sentiment which has found a place in the breast of mortals from the time of Adam, and which will continue to rule mightier than the divine power of kings until Gabriel blows th trump, and we are too busy attending to eternal affairs to mind such things as flowering hawthorn, in which myrisds rule which has no exception, and this rule is no exception. The schoolma'am in this case saw, loved and was beloved in return, and the result was a marriage which remained a secret for nearly six months, and will probably be a surprise to many when they read this. Miss May Upton (that was) and Mr. Geo. Pickham, of Trego County, in this State, are the principal features in this story, although a trip to the Centennial, a meeting by chance, a mutual flame, a correspondence by mail, and engagement, a secret marriage and the sub quent secret well kept, help materially to build up the story in connection with this most romantic affair. Miss Upton is well known in this city, having been a teacher in our public schools for a number of years, and highly esteemed by every pupil in the schools and the large of friends she drew around her. She had, so far as known, and it was nobody's business whether she had been or not, entirely heart whole, until dur-

ing the vacation in 1876, when she took a trip to Philadelphia to witness the wonders of the great world's show in progress during that year. On the trip there, or on the trip back, or during her stay at the Exposition-it isn't exactly known, and in fact doesn't make any particular difference-she met Mr. Pinkham, was introduced, and each felt that the penetrating dart of wily Cupid had been sheathed deeply, inflicting an incurable wound, not fatal in its effects, however, but effecting a result, the happy consummation of which has remained a secret for so long. Mr. Pinkham is interested in the famous clock-works at Wakeena, Trego County, in this State, and is a prominent business man in that section of the country. After the return from the great show, a correspondence between the two was commenced and maintained, each successive missive fanning the flame which had been kindled by the tiniest spark. During the Christ-mas holidays Miss Upton made a visit to St. Louis, and on the 28th day of December or thereabouts, that date will suffice, a secret marriage was celebrated in Trinity Church, the Rev. George C. Betts performing the ceremony. The bride returned to Leavenworth and her school, the groom returning to his home among the chalk-fields of the West. The secret was well kept, and the lady retained her title of "Miss." But, after the vacation was begun, when the schools were out, Mrs. Pinkham resigned her position as an instructress, and is now with her husband in Wakeena. May long life and success attend

them .- Leavenworth Times. -In traveling through India, recently, Professor Monier Williams, of Eng. land, was struck with the remarkable skill attained in multiplication by the should be given, and covered by turn- force of which rises to a deafening

> MANY parents treat their daughter as mere dolls to dress, and eat and idle whose money they can spend.-lowa State Register.

on the sand or on palm-leaves.

SPEAKING of a tornado which had visited her town, an old lady said: "Everything was swept as with the beeswax of destruction."

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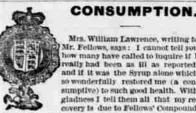
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